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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE NAMELESS FOLD.

O Shepherd of the nameless fold—
The blessed church to be—
Our hearts with love and longing turn
To find their rest in thee!
"Thy kingdom come," its heavenly walls
Unseen around us rise,
And deep in loving human hearts
Its broad foundation lies.

From out our low, unloving state,
Our centuries of strife,
Thy hand, O Shepherd of the flock,
Is lifting us to Life;
From all our old divided ways
And fruitless fields we turn
To thy dear feet, the simple law
Of Christian love to learn.

O holy kingdom—happy fold!
O blessed church to be!
Our hearts in love and worship turn
To find themselves in thee;
Thy bounds are known to God alone,
For they are set above;
The length, the breadth, the height are one,
And measured by His love

—Mary A. Lathbury.

Pacific Theological Seminary
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WHAT WE HOPE WILL COME OUT OF THE WAR.

It is to be hoped that out of this awful European war there will come such a sense of faithfulness on the part of all the nations of the world as will make forever impossible such breaches of faith as have characterized all of them in recent years.

A friend, who thinks that the morals of The Pacific are somewhat awry with respect to the breach of faith on the part of Germany in crossing Belgian territory, has called our attention to an editorial in the last number of The Congregationalist, entitled "The Clashing of Two ideals." It is said therein: "The more Germany's invasion of Belgium with the consequent awful devastation of that fair land is discussed the more clearly is the moralwrong involved in that step discovered. If it were a single act not likely to be repeated in substance elsewhere the world would still be terribly shocked, but when we realize that it represents an attitude or a policy which a great and hitherto honorable nation alleges to be permissible, if not justifiable under certain conditions, the conscience of mankind is affronted because of what it reveals and portends. . . . The case is not bettered by saying that another nation would have done just the same thing or that similar things have been done by great nations in the past. We have reached a time in the world's history when the conscience of the world declares that whatever may have been allowed in the past, an act as wrong as the invasion of Belgium cannot be tolerated today."

We agree with the Congregationalist that Germany's case is not bettered fundamentally by saying that other nations have acted similarly. Nevertheless such things have some weight, and it behooves a people who have acted recently quite flagrantly—in the judgment of many—to be somewhat chary in criticism unless they show without question that they are ready to conform hereafter to that high standard. The Pacific is hoping that one of the results of this war will be the lifting up of all nations to a plane where agreements will be kept.

And now the question arises, just when did we reach a time in the world's history when such a disregard of a treaty could not be tolerated? There are persons who declare most emphatically that the legislature of the great State of California and the honorable governor had not reached that time or stage when the anti-alien land law was enacted which deprives Japanese from owning land in this State.

Here is something by William Eliot Griffis which may make some reader hopping mad. Nevertheless it is something which ought to be read and pondered, and we quote it as it appeared in the last number of the North American Review:

"In all the new conventions between the United States and Japan, the last being signed February 21, 1911, repeated assertion of reciprocal rights and privileges, on the basis of equality with the 'most favored nation,' is made. As a nation and government we signed a covenant which one state has violated. Now is the test of our national character. We are confronted with the question as to the seat of power in the enforcement of 'the supreme law of the land.' A sectional agitation in favor of a reversal of our ancient friendship and the violation of treaties has resulted in one state, in a defiance of the constitution of the United States. Our past history shows that the national capital has never been at Hartford, Charleston, Richmond, or Sacramento, but at Washington, D. C. The recent hostile anti-Japanese legislation in California—race hatred in its most immoral form—violates in spirit and letter the treaty with Japan, to which we promised the same treatment as to 'the most favored nation.' "

Mr. Griffis says further: "It is not the business of a foreign nation making a treaty with the United States to inquire into the actual workings of federalism, its defects or advantages; or whether our national government is too weak, morally or physically, to enforce a treaty obligation within a certain geographical area. No question is raised as to whether any nation or government has or has not the right to keep out of her border undesirable persons, or who shall or who shall not become citizens It is no matter whether Japan is pleased or displeased with our social or political system, or we with hers. As sovereign parties covenanting together according to the laws of nations, the only question is that of good faith. To violate a treaty is to break the supreme law of the land and trample on the constitution of the United States, which reads in Article VI:

'This constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made or which shall be made under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding.' "

There have been several remarkable disclosures about international agreements in general, and the disposition to break them, since Germany entered Belgium. An eminent New York attorney called attention recently in the New York Times to a decision of the United States Supreme Court. He writes:

"In its unanimous opinion in the Chinese exclusion cases, reported on Pages 581 to 611 of Vol. 130 of U. S. Reports, the Supreme Court of the United States had this very question before it. A treaty had been entered into by the United States and China, allowing Chinese subjects the right to visit and reside in the United States and to there enjoy the same privileges that are enjoyed by citizens of the United States. After that treaty an act of Congress was passed in violation of the treaty, providing it to be unlawful thereafter for Chinese laborers to enter the United States. The question was whether we had the right to vio-

late a treaty solemnly entered into with another country. On this subject the Court said (Page 600): 'The effect of legislation upon conflicting treaty stipulations was elaborately considered in the head money cases, and it was there adjudged that so far as a treaty made by the United States with any foreign nation can become the subject of judicial cognizance in the courts of this country it is subject to such acts as Congress may pass for its enforcement, modification, or repeal. 112 U. S. 580, 599. This doctrine was affirmed, 124 followed in Whitney v. Robertson, 124 U. S. 190, 195. It will not be presumed that the legislative department of the Government will lightly pass laws which are in conflict with the treaties of the country; but that circumstances may arise which would not only justify the Government in disregarding their stipulations, but demand in the interests of the country that it should do so, there can be no question. Unexpected events may call for a change in the policy of the country.' "

"In the same opinion the Supreme Court calls attention to an act passed in 1798 declaring that the United States was freed and exonerated from the stipulations of previous treaties with France. The subject was fully considered by Justice Curtis, who held, as the Supreme Court says, (Page 602):

" 'That whilst it would always be a matter of the utmost gravity and delicacy to refuse to execute a treaty, the power to do so was a prerogative of which no nation could be deprived without deeply affecting its independence."

The last number of The Springfield Republican, a paper unfriendly to Germany, says editorially:

"It is not to be supposed that Belgium was taken by surprise except as to the actual striking of the blow. Nor can it have been in doubt as to which side the peril lay. For the past ten years it has been a matter of common gossip in Europe that in the event of war Germany would go around the fortified lines of France by crossing Belgium. In German military circles the plan was recommended and was not disavowed by the state. Four years ago Belgium sought from Germany a public reassurance which was refused on the ground that it would encourage the French to concentrate their forces on the German frontier."

A contribution to the New York Times, for Sunday, October 18th, stated that the Hague Conference of 1907 drafted a convention which reads:

"The territory of neutral powers is inviolable. Belligerants are forbidden to move troops or convoys of either munitions of war or supplies across the territory of a neutral power."

"Great Britain, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy refused to sign it and did not sign it. Russia was not represented."

Usually The Times, which is against Germany, attempts to pick to pieces anything favorable to Germany. But nothing has been said as to the foregoing.

Such things as we have here quoted show that Germany had given notice of her intentions to disregard the neutrality agreement quite as plainly as if she had pursued the course the United States has pursued with reference to treaties she had signed and enacted laws in contravention thereof.

It seems as if it would be wise, in view of such things, for all the nations of the world to wipe out the old, discreditable score as to treaty-making and begin anew on the right plane.

The United States only barely saved herself as to the Panama Canal agreement. We have done better than some other nations. But the estimate placed upon us by others is expressed in some very plain words in a book on "Common Sense in Foreign Policy," written by Sir Harry Johnston in 1913. In that book he wrote, with reference to the toll-exemption law of 1912: "Treaties in fact only bind the United States as long as they are convenient. They are not really worth the labor their negotiation entails or the paper they are written on. It is well that this position should be realized, as it may save a good deal of fuss and disappointment in the future."

In a review of Mr. Johnston's book in May, 1913, the New York Times remarked that while his views of the conduct of the United States was not flattering, it could not be denied that "they have sound basis."

It is because of such things as these that The Pacific has refrained from blaming Germany unqualifiedly for her disregard of the neutrality of Belgium.

We are profoundly of the conviction that no good will come out of this war if attention in England and in the United States is kept centered on this blunder and breach of faith on the part of Germany. Enough should be said about it so that the nations will realize that they must arise to something better, and then the effort should be to bring all the belligerent nations to realize that they all have sinned, else this war would never have come upon them.

Again and again all of the nations concerned have acted selfishly and unrighteously simply because they feared that if they did otherwise something disadvantageous might ensue. God means that nations as well as individuals shall do the right let the consequences be what they may. It was the course taken by the Man of Nazareth. It sent him to Calvary; but it gave him forever the name that is above every other name.

Germany ought to have kept the neutrality agreement. No doubt she realizes that now. But not one of the belligerents appears to realize that the war is rooted in a selfishness which God will burn out of mankind—by war if other means prove futile.

A writer in the last number of the Unpopular Review put it well when he said that "the history of European diplomacy had long been an attempt on the part of each nation to maintain the balance of power and at the same time gain some advantage for itself." It is contrary to the Law of Love, and so, contrary to the Law of Life.

No, the lack of good faith on the part of other nations does not excuse Germany for her breach of faith. But if the people of the United States are to be of any aid to England they will cease giving encouragement to this mad desire to center thought on the disregard of the neutrality of Belgium to such an extent that the causes of the war are left out of consideration. There are a few people in England who are striving to prevent such an obscuration. The Pacific stands with them. History shows that God has been with the minority about as often as he has been with the majority. Indeed, every great movement has had in its inception only a few persons back of it.

THE PLAY.

Sit thou a patient looker on;
Judge not the play before the play is done:
Her plot hath many changes; every day
Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns the play.

—**Francis Quarles.**

"THE REAL TURK."

Mr. Stanwood Cobb, the author of this very interesting and informing book, just issued by the Pilgrim Press, remarks in a foreword: "The time has gone by when every race not white is assigned to a predestined barbarism. We are beginning to believe that the future may belong to the Chinese, to the Japanese, to the Hindu, as well as to the Anglo-Saxon." And he asks: "Will it belong also to the Turk?" Mr. Cobb spent three eventful years in Turkey—the years which saw the rise of the Young Turk party and the downfall of Abdul Hamid. He had excellent opportunities for studying the possibilities of the Turk and comparing him with other peoples. He writes: "In the course of these years I grew to love the Turk, as do all Americans who live among them. I tried to understand his character, his temperament, and his way of looking at life. I was constantly analyzing the Oriental customs in order to distinguish the factors of race, climate, environment and religion which make the Turk what he it." To the question, "What will be the future of the Turk?" he says: "In spite of the many misfortunes, discouragements and evils through which the Land of Allah and the Crescent is passing, I have never given up my faith in the ultimate salvation of this brave and admirable people. There are still true patriots in Turkey, men whom I know and love, and if the reins of government can but fall into their hands true progress will ensue." That there are many evils to deplore in the institutions, government and religion of Turkey, the author does not deny; so much has been said of the unfavorable aspects that he believes the time has come to present the good side of the Turk and thus create a better understanding of a much-maligned race. His book sets forth the Turk as medieval, and then as he is as a citizen, in business, and in the home. There are chapters on the Turkish Schools, American Influence on Turkish Education of Oriental Boys at Robert College, Islam, Islam and the Inner Life, Peculiar Rites and Beliefs of Islam, Faith Healing in the Orient, Brotherhood of East and West.

One cannot read this book without gaining in optimism. Forces are at work in Turkey which foreshadow better things there, as well as elsewhere throughout the world. Mr. Cobb says: "The change in Turkey since the Constitution and the dethronement of Abdul Hamid is greater than would appear from the actual improvements accomplished. Those who are the rulers of Turkey today are thoroughly in sympathy with Western ideas and methods. They want to introduce improvements as rapidly as possible, but the ignorance and fanaticism of the masses and the obstacles put in their way by selfish European diplomacy act as hindrances."

Very rarely, we are told, is a Mohammedan converted to Christianity, and Robert College, which has done a great work in the Orient, never graduated but one Turk, for Abdul Hamid would not let his people go to such a hotbed of liberty. Today, however, the college has many Turkish students.

"The cultured Turk, like the cultured Christian, is really an eclectic" writes Mr. Cobb. "He gleans truth from whatever source he may; and while in loyalty he calls himself a Mohammedan, he is not a believer in infallibility, and does not accept all that Mohammed taught, nor think his religion is above reform. He is a gentleman of the world, taking his sanctions for conduct from the social environment rather than from the tenets of Islam. In other words, he has outgrown his past religion, and will some day be ready for a more universal truth."

Nevertheless, the Revolution did not, as the missionaries thought it would, open the Turks to conversion. "It has not done so, and will not. Loyalty and patriotism are factors which will always stand in the way. The New Turkey has meant rather a reform of Islam; and the result of the Awakening of Turkey, Persia, and Mohammedan India is a Pan-Islamic movement which can offer no encouragement to Christian proselyting."

The typical American has no cosmical view; his mind does not scan the universe, nor find for him any relation to the mysterious All of which the world where he breathes and lives is but an infinitesimal part.

To the Oriental, however, this is the one absorbing theme. He is ever pondering on the nature of his existence as a whole. Other things, the practical things of every-day life, are but as passing shows from which he is glad to withdraw whenever possible in order to be face to face with the Divine—to feel that mystic sense of union with the Whole which is peculiarly Oriental. If two or three business men get together their talk is sure to run into religion. From the time he enter this world till he leaves it the Oriental is surrounded with the feeling of awe and reverence for the Unseen, and a reaching out for a closer relation to it.

We are told: "No people in the world are more likable than the Turks. They are kindly, honest, and generous-hearted; and they are gentle in their ordinary life" Nevertheless, he is capable of the utmost cruelty." "You meet a pasha who will captivate you today by his kindness and winning personality, and the next day he may have a prisoner tortured to death with perfect unfeeling." As to this the author writes: "Indifference to physical pain is characteristic of the East." And further: "It is only a few centuries ago that we too held life and suffering in little value. We hanged men for stealing, we quartered them for differing from us in political opinion. We burned them at the stake in order to save their souls.

"Within two or three centuries we could have found in England the prototype of the modern Turk, the cultured English gentleman, the kindly, dignified merchant, who could witness with calmness, torture, execution and burning at the stake."

And finally in his effort to get us to understand the Turk Mr. Cobb confronts us with this food for thought: "It must be said in justice to Islam, that it has never been as fanatical and intolerant of heresy as the Christian Church. There has never been an inquisition in Islam; and persecution for religious differences have been far rarer than in Christianity. The Turks are the broadest and most tolerant of all Mohammedans."

(Pilgrim Press: Boston; $1.00 net.)

"THE MAKING OF A COUNTRY PARISH."

This is the title of one of the most valuable of recent books. It tells the story of the widening of the reach and influence of a village church until it became the center of the religious and social life of a territory twelve miles long and ten miles wide. The Congregational Home Missionary Society estimates this book so highly that it has sent out a hundred copies to its workers in rural communities. Rev. Harlow S. Mills, who tells the story of this expanding work, became convinced after a pastorate of

several years at Benzonia, Michigan, that the church, if it is to make good, must serve all the people and all the interests of the people. There came to him also the conviction that the village church must be responsible for country evangelization—must reach out into all the surrounding neighborhood and touch the people in a vital way, must be a community church not only for the village itself, but far more widely. Several months were spent by him tramping around among the 2,500 people now linked together in this Larger Parish. With some he was, of course, somewhat intimately acquainted; but many he had not touched at all closely in his fifteen years' pastorate. He says: "This was most delightful and rewarding work. There was a welcome for me everywhere. * * * Weary of body, but glad of heart, I laid myself down at night under the shelter of some hospitable farmer's roof, after having spent the evening in friendly conversation with him and his family. Such an opportunity to get up close to people is worth a score of sermons." In this way he came to know the country people as he had not known them before. His touch with them was closer and warmer, his interest in them much more intelligent and definite. Often, when he saw a man plowing in a field, he would sit down with him on the plow-beam while his horses were resting and talk about the farm and home and matters of interest in the community, and would generally find opportunity to get in a few words about the things of the Kingdom.

Mr. Mills tells how he led the Benzonia church to an acceptance of the Larger Parish Plan, and how some Methodist churches were led to relinquish work in the territory, until finally there was no competition with the exception of a small "Christian" church in one corner of the field, which divides the work of one neighborhood to its great disadvantage.

Catching the vision, the Congregational Home Missionary Society gave aid, and now, after three years of effort, with the aid of two inexpensive clerical assistants, ten places of worship have been established in the country surrounding Benzonia, where regular services are held in schoolhouses, halls and small chapels, and houses. The people in those neighborhoods attend their own services and do not come to the village church as some of them did aforetime. The village church, however, has never before been so prosperous, and life everywhere in the country is being transformed and made more conformable to righteousness. A quotation will show what the effect has been on the village church: "It has been found impossible to accommodate all those who wished to worship with the church or properly to care for those attending the Sunday School. A larger building became an actual necessity, and in the summer of 1913 an addition was made, increasing the seating capacity of the building by one-third, and providing a number of rooms for Sunday School and social purposes.

Mr. Mills asks: 'Can we doubt that the blessing of God will attend any church that sees the vision, and with faith and courage and sacrifice gives itself to the work of making it a reality?"

Let no one think that this book is not for him because he may not be living in the village or the country. It will be as a tonic to any one interested in the upbuilding of the Kingdom. It is suggestive of what the church is moving toward—of that to which it must come everywhere if it shall fulfill its mission.

Among the features of this Larger Parish Plan which especially impress the present writer is the one which brings together several times a year in Benzonia the people from all parts of the parish. Another, the linking together in certain ways of the village and the country churches so that those who no longer attend the parent church yet feel themselves a part of it. Large use is made by Mr. Mills of the local paper each week, so that the people are kept aware of what is being done and of what ought to be done. Mr. Mills makes it his regular forenoon work each Monday to write the articles for the paper. In this way he gets to the people many a message that would not be appropriate in the pulpit; and reaches many with whom he would not often come in touch otherwise.

It is worthy note that Mr. Mills says: "The work of the Larger Parish is primarily, though not exclusively, evangelistic. We are trying to lead men to become Christians, not in a narrow sense, but in the large, rich meaning of that word which the teaching of Jesus gives it. But again: "Community work can never take the place of the work of God's Spirit in the individual life."

The Pacific gives considerable space to this little book of 126 pages, which may be had of the Missionary Education Movement for 50 cents, because this vision of the Larger Parish is heartening. It shows what churches can do when they are awake to the need and the obligation.

THE REALIZATION OF GOD IN HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

John Wright Buckham.

(An Address Given at the Northern California Congregational Conference in Oakland, Oct. 22, 1914.)

In this warm atmospere of Christian peace and fellowship it is hard to realize what is going on in the rent, warring world without. We enter into this noble auditorium, already illumined by the light of Christian faith, and into the goodly fellowship, and we know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren. And yet I find myself approaching the great topic assigned to me through the smoke and strife of the tragedy in the midst of which we find ourselves.

Europe and America are nominally Christian. Yet suddenly a spark falls as into a powder magazine, and presto! Europe is lurid with the flames of war. Shells crash into her most sacred and venerable minsters. The soldiers have plaited another crown of thorns and placed it upon the Master's head. Hatred, devastation, destruction, outvying the horrors of barbarism, reign. And we, looking aghast upon the reeling madness, can only say, as did John Wesley of the drunkard, "There, but for the grace of God, goes the United States of America".

What does it mean? Something could have prevented this. And that something, as every man who looks deep enough knows, is religion. And the religion needed—as every thinking man also knows—is just the religion that we have,—and that we have been pretending and playing with, instead of living,—Christianity.

Yet, if it failed to prevent the war Christianity is at least making itself felt now. Word comes to us from England—and not from there alone—of a great deepening of the currents of life, of seriousness and unity of heart and mind, of churches filled with wistful worshippers, of a turning away from the cheaper satisfactions of life toward something more real and abiding. Though pur-

chased at a fearful cost, this war may have been the only thing that could sober and rationalize our civilisation, overrun as it has been of late years with a wave of restless and consuming hedonism, a reign of pleasure, that threatened to engulf every noble and serious purpose and activity and reduce civilisation to a specious Maya of materialism. That spirit at least is shriveled in the awful fires of war; and Paris and Berlin have learned at last that the lust of the eyes and the pride of life is of the world and passeth away. And shall not we, too, learn the lesson as we look on, solemnized by that sense of guilt which we all share alike—we who can hardly stop long enough from our business schemes, or between dances, to throw a dime into the Red Cross collection?

The world needs, not so much Christianity as the God of Christianity, the renewing, redeeming spirit of the Christ, and it knows its need today a thousand times better than three months ago. Yet some can see nothing but despair in the present cataclysm. 'If there is a God why does He permit such thing to happen?' many are asking. Is not the only and the sufficient reply—reverently made—this: With men made as they are He could not prevent it happening? He has given men conscience and reason to see the wrong and folly of it. What more could He do?

Can it be—or is it too good to be true?—that out of this collapse of a materialistic civilization is to come a reconstructed life? that as the world of mammon and militarism and materialism—the three malign m-s of our time—as this world passes away in the fervent heat of war a new world shall arise upon its ashes, a world of brotherhood and righteousness. A seer of the new day upon whom a friend and I called the other day directed our attention to that passage in the Third Gospel: "And upon the earth distress of nations, in perplexity for the roaring of the sea and of the billows, men fainting for fear, and for expectation of the things which are coming on the world; for the powers of the heavens shall be shaken. And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. But when these things begin to come to pass, look up and lift up your heads, because your redemption draweth nigh." If these words can only be taken in their deeper significance, and not literally, they mean much at this hour.

Does all this distress and perplexity, this shaking of the powers, mean the coming of the Son of Man—the true Christ—whom the nations have been denying and affronting, the Christ whose reign will bring justice and peace and love? If so we may well look up and lift up our heads because redemption draweth nigh.

But if there is to be a new order, in which all Christendom shall share, it will require readjustments in our principles and methods of living without which the higher life can never be secured and maintained. If God is to dwell with us, we shall have to learn to order life so that there may be a place for Him.

In other words there must be a deliberate resolution to so reconstruct and rearrange daily living that religion may have its due and right place in our modern world. Here is our great and pressing problem—the problem to which Professor Eucken has given himself so earnestly and to which we trust he will return—: How can modern life with all its perplexing complexity, the fascination of its interests, the strenuousness of its demands, be spiritualized? How can God become real and present to us through and in it all?

It seems to us all at times, I am sure, as if life had become hopelessly complex and despoiled of its mystical, God-revealing character. Can we ever regain that simplicity such as religious life require? Has not our civilization forever passed the time of "glory in the earth, of splendor in the flower"? Can it ever win back that lost childhood when God seems near?

Surely our world can never go back to a simple, pristine faith, free from problems and responsibilities, uncursed (shall I say?) by the fruit of the tree of knowledge. But it can go forward into a new and better childhood, a faith recovered on a richer and more mature level. This is the victory that overcomes the world—even your faith. Faith can overcome even this great octopus of enveloping interests—the modern world. It can, if it will.

We have been saying for a considerable time now—in our wise, superior way—that all of life is sacred, that the old-fashioned distinction of sacred and secular has given way and that we can find God in everything that we do. All of which is very true—only we fail to do it. And one reason why we fail is that in order to realize the sacredness of all of life it is essential to set apart a certain part of it for concentration upon spiritual realities. The spiritual life—the God-consciousness—needs cultivation, just as every other faculty and function of living does. And if we starve the religious nature the lower side of our nature will fatten on its remains.

Time, attention, will-power, must be devoted to the religious life, and business, pleasure, education, everything must be, as far as need be, sacrificed for it, no matter what the cost. A well-known New York minister has said that he would like to go up and down this country preaching in every great city a single, simple message: "Study to be quiet". But will he get a hearing?—that's the question.

We must learn of One who is meek and lowly in heart if we would find rest unto our souls. And to do it we must sit at His feet with Mary—even if it means the simplifying of our menus, the abandonment of some of our ambitions, the reduction of our exploitations, and in general the curtailment of the outer life for the sake of the inner.

"Narrow is the gate and straitened the way that leadeth"—whither? Not to heaven, not to favor with God, not to self-repression, but to life. Here is no mere dictum of the Master, no expression of the ascetic spirit, no restaint of liberty, no bondage to conscience, but a law of life. "More life and fuller" can be had only in this way.

In the Minutes of the Sixth Annual Meeting of this Conference held in San Francisco in 1862 there is a report of a Committee on Popular Amusements signed by E. S Lacy, J. H. Warren and Wm. C. Pond from which I extract these sane statements: "The Bible assumes that the greatest joy belongs to the children of God, but it is a joy which the world can neither give nor take away." "It warns us against everything which absorbs the thoughts and wins the afections away from the great interests of Christ's kingdom and his comanding love." The report closes with the recommendation: "That by preaching and by example, we proclaim to the world the pure superior joy of Christian life."

If that idea of life is old-fashioned it is time that we realized that no new fashion can possibly come so close to the heart of life.

We need a due and solemn recognition of the necessity of the cultivation of the spiritual life, not merely by individuals in the community, but by the community. "City planning" is now at the front and wisely so. But there is a larger city planning which, let us hope, will soon come—a planning for the whole interests of the city, the larger as well as the lesser. According to such planning a self-respecting and progessive community would order its life somewhat as follows: So much of time and attention and outlay should be given normally to labor in its various kinds, so much to education, so much to recreation, and so much to cultivation of the spiritual life, worship. I am not saying that the community will conduct its worship—although the time may come when the community as a whole will see to it that its religious interests are at least conducted without waste.

Making room for the realization of God in modern living—that is the first condition for realizing Him in personal experience. But that is only the negative side. What, now, is the positive side? What is essential to maintaining the life of the Spirit which is life and peace? I should answer: The recovery of the practice of prayer. I use the word "recovery" designedly. For the habit of prayer seems to be waning. Our fathers had it, but it has too far slipped away from us—lost, like the fabled island, amid the waste water of worldliness.

The Fathers of this Conference were men of prayer—and what an enlarging and ennobling effect it had upon their characters and lives! When one thinks of Willey and Benton and Dwinell and Mooar and W. A. Tenney and McLean, later of Jewett and Perkins and Cooke and others and of those still with us—long may they continue—one of the first things he thinks of concerning them is that they were men of prayer—and for that reason above all others stalwart, and human, vital and influential.

Men of science are giving us all sorts of analyses and studies today of the effects of physical and mental environment, of the effect of climate on morals, the effect of health upon the mind and the relation of food to human welfare. Where is that subtle scientist of the Spirit who will set forth, in all its large and unrecognized potencies, the Effects of Prayer upon Human Character and Progress.

"When thou hast shut thy door pray to thy Father which seeth in secret" said He in whose name the meek will yet inherit the earth. "Pray without ceasing" cried one who sped like sunlight through the darkness of the Roman world, touching men and communities to new life. "The house of my soul is narrow, O enlarge it that thou mayest enter in", exclaimed one whose burning and contrite faith yet kindles the soul. "O most blessed grace, Come thou unto me and replenish me really with thy comfort, lest my soul faint for weariness and dryness of mind", sighed one whose little book has gone into all the world with its message of comfort and peace.

The great souls are the praying souls—are they not?—and by prayer narrow souls become great. The influences that lie in prayer, who can measure? We have been too far brow-beaten out of prayer by the presumptuous intellectualism that does not know where the sources of true power and joy lie.

There drifted to my door the other day—I know not whence or from whom—a little book containing the life of a man of which I had never before heard—such is our ignorance of the truly great—Stephen Grellet. Another comparatively useless book to glance through and acknowledge, I thought. I opened it at random and to my astonishment the acts of the apostles lived again in this man of a hundred years ago. Moved by the Spirit like another Paul this humble New York Quaker starts out on an apostolic journey to Europe. Everywhere he goes people are turned toward God as if by magic. He sees the worst and most hopeless people he can learn of. Among other places he visits Newgate Prison in London. After visiting the men's prison he asks to be taken to the women's prison. As he enters—to quote his own words: "Everything that is base and depraved was so strongly depicted on the faces of the women who stood crowded before me, with looks of effrontery, boldness and wantoness of expression, that, for a while, my soul was gravely dismayed, surely then did I witness that the Lord is a refuge and strength, his truth a shield and buckler. The more I beheld the awful consequences of sin, and the more deeply I felt the greatness of the depravity into which these poor objects had been plunged by the devices of Satan the more also I felt the love of Christ who has come to save and has died for sinners. As I began to speak under the feeling influence of this redeeming love of Christ their countenances began to alter, soon they hung down their heads, their haughtiness and proud looks were brought low and tears in abundance began to flow; great was the brokeness of heart manifested on this occasion."

He takes the tale of misery to his "much valued friend Elizabeth J. Fry." The result you know Leaving England he goes to France and visits among other places of need the battlefields. Everywhere it is the same: Hearts stirred to penitence and stirred to new life. The secret of it all he states in these words: "He very graciously makes good his promise, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' He keeps my mind in a good degree stayed upon Him, so that though the sea roar and dash its waves, His everlasting arm is near. Most abundantly I can, as I ought to, sing his praise and proclaim his wondrous doings."

Are such indications of the Divine Spirit wholly past, never to return? Or has the Church relied too much upon machinery and too little upon God? I knew a church on the Merrimac River in New Hampshire, the pastor of which at that time, was a friend of mine. One Sunday quite unexpectedly there made itself felt in the congregation a deep spiritual feeling. Strong men felt it. The whole community was stirred. Everyone wondered how it had come about—no-one more than the pastor. He began to make enquiries and at length discovered that a certain aged deacon, an invalid and a man of rare spiritual character, had been praying alone for years for this very thing. A marked revival followed. They did not invite any professional revivalist to profane the town with a flood of slang and a language and methods foreign to the accents of the Holy Spirit. They simply gave themselves up to the guidance of the Spirit and their own reason. As a result church and community were richly invigorated and built up in the higher life. One good man prayed and the Spirit came upon many.

We need more individual prayer, deep and patient, purifying and potent. We need also more prayer together. Does this mean the prayer-meeting? Yes, if it be a true

prayer-meeting. No, if it be not. For, of all desolate and God-forsaken gatherings on earth a formal, insincere, inharmonious prayer-meeting is the worst. By the same token a true, love-enveloped, heart-refreshing prayermeeting, "where the soul-breathing impulse ne'er ceases to flow" is a fountain of life and joy. We need to know more of what William A. Tenney called "The Far Reach of United Prayer."

"The geniuses of religion,' as Professor James has truly said, "is indissolubly bound up with the question whether the prayerful consciousness be, or be not, deceitful. The conviction that something is genuinely transacted in this consciousness is the very core of religion."

Prayer is not always petition. Some forms of petition are, as Emerson says, "no less than meanness and theft." But in that spiritual communion which is the real heart of prayer there is something vital, intense, real. Dependence, desire, outreaching love glow in the soul and rouse the spirit into the readiness of receptivity. Prayer is the dipping of the cup in the fountain, the launching of the soul upon the ocean, the plucking of the fruit of the Eternal Vine.

God is a spirit. Pure Personality—free, unfettered, unindividualized, universal. When, in our thought of the Supreme Person, we strike away the limitations of individuality, free our thought of Him of all narrowing restraints, He comes to us, in the language of Paul, "the fullness of Him that filleth all in all." Such all-pervasive, all-encompassing, all-sufficient Being, may be likened to an Atmosphere of Personality in which we live and move and have our Being. By substituting a personal for an impersonal term in Francis Thompson's well-known poem, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within You", we gain a striking expression of this truth of an all-pervading Divine Personality:

"O Thou invisible, we view Thee,
O Thou intangible, we touch Thee,
O Thou unknowable, we know Thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch Thee!
Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion,
If they have rumor of Thee there?
Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars;
The drifting pinions, would we hearken,
Beat at our own clay-shuttered doors."

SOME OBSERVATIONS IN CHINA.

Tyler Dennett.

Long before the tourist reaches Hong Kong he is made to understand by his fellow passengers that neither Shanghai or Hong Kong is China. One is always being reminded that he must get away from the sea ports if he is to see things purely Chinese. Neverthless if one hangs around the hotel in Hong Kong, and is at all sociably inclined and has his ears open he is bound to pick up considerable information concerning the real China which lies back there in the distance. The time would not be wasted, however, if it were spent only in seeing Hong Kong, for a prettier city surely never was. The entrance to the harbor in the evening with the lights twinkling from the villas on the Peak and from the sampans moored in fleets in the river while the narrow streets of the city seem to be crowding and crawling from the Bund up the steep hill, is a sight never to be forgotten. Then in the moring whether one looks out of the window onto the feathery fog which usually hides the Peak which towers above him, or is fortunate enough to find the air clear and climbs the Peak to look down on the city, the harbor and the wonderful panorama of ocean, mountains and sky, however one sees Hong Kong he finds it a beautiful city. If the visitor comes from Southern California he does not feel himself an entire stranger, either, for he can call by name most of the flowers and shrubs he sees there. I must not linger over such descriptions Every tourist who stops off a day in Hong Kong while the steamer takes coal writes a chapter on the city. Anyone who wishes to know what the city is like from the globe-trotter's point of view is referred to Mr. Kipling, who, although he pretends to despise the tourist's superficial observations, has in his letters on both this city and Canton given us some fine specimens of how superficial a superficial observation may be.

No doubt it will amuse you to know that a group of sturdy scots, exiles from their native kirk, unite with a few other Christians in Hong Kong, to maintain a union church with a Congregational minister. It is a pretty church, too, nestling in the trees part way up the tram road to the Peak. The morning I was there we had a fine sermon, a contrast between the rich young ruler who came to the Master in haste and the Nicodemus who came another way, his zeal more tempered with moderation. The minister concluded that the latter way of coming was as least as good and perhaps better than the young man's. All this was very comfortable doctrine for us who sat there wiping our foreheads while the coolies stationed outside the windows kept the punkahs gently stirring above our heads. One soon learns in Hong Kong not to tackle very grave problems in July and not to move with more than moderate speed.

Are the Chinese a peace-loving nation? We have been taught that they are. Therefore we are hardly prepared for the precautions taken for the defense of the steamer on which we travel to Canton. Europeans living in Hong Kong complain that rents have been forced up extravagantly by the recent influx of wealthy Chinese from the interior, coming in to seek the protection of the British flag from the robber bands who have not been dispersed since the revolution, but this steel armor plate which encloses the pilot house and these armed guards who pace the deck certainly do not refer to disturbances in the interior of China. The gun boats anchored in the river, passed one by one on the way to Canton, each flying a foreign flag, they seem to be stationed there for more immediate needs. People are still talking about the ill fated Tai On, a steamer which was boarded by pirates almost within sight of Hong Kong and then fired when the captain would not surrender, all this happened only a few months ago. We pass the island where the pirates hide in the caves and defy all attacks. Along the river which flows through or past Canton we see small junks armed with small brass cannon, the next size larger to the one we used to fire on Fourth of July morning when we were boys. Soon we hear exciting tales from the lips of missionaries, how they have been stopped and robbed on their way down to Canton for their Mission Meeting. Then, there is the White Wolf in the north

whose depredations have so long gone unchecked. The Chinese may love peace but their country is not very safe either to trade or travel in at present

How loudly it was proclaimed two years ago that at last after centuries of oppression China had arisen in her might and cast off the yoke of the accursed foreign Manchu! Gladly we extended the hand of fellowship to this new nation born in a day, congratulating them that they had the courage to cut off the queue, that hateful badge of servitude. Ministers, hastily grubbing on Saturday night for some easily grasped missionary news with which to bolster up the large demands of the Apportionment Committee eagerly seized on the fact that native Christians were playing a large part in the emancipation of China and proudly waved it before their congregations the next morning. I confess, I was one of them, the ministers, I mean. Then there was more or less cross firing between the Congregationalists and Episcopalians to determine who had the most right to claim that mysterious young doctor who was the leader of this twentieth century revolution.

As for the queue cutting, that seems to have been largely compulsory. Soldiers stood at the gates of the cities and at the landing places along the rivers and uncerermoniously snipped every head that passed. As for its having been a symbol of servitude to the Chinese, it was not at all so regarded. The average Chinaman seems to have been far more ashamed of himself with it off than when wearing it. The Manchus were not regarded as foreigners nor were they especially unpopular with the great mass of the people. Neither were they as unprogressive in the last decade before their overthrow as they have the reputation of having been. Many long residents in China feel that they were introducing reforms as fast as was good for the people. At any rate there are many people in China today who have begun to sigh for the good old days of the Manchus where there was at least prosperity and peace in the land where now is plundering and poverty. A gentleman who has recently returned from the interior tells me that there are many villages where it is not even known that there has been a revolution, and many others where the anti-foreign feeling is stronger that it was when the Empress Dowager ruled. It is true that the native Christians played a large part in the revolution, so large a part that more than one missionary told me that a little more of it would well nigh have wrecked the native church. Native preachers seldom failed in their sermons to boast of the part the church was taking in the revolution. Large numbers of the Chinese pastors and teachers were drawn into the government service when peace was partly restored. While many of these newly appointed officials have served their country creditably yet I found the missionaries slow to approve of them generally speaking. Dr. Sun does not seem to be a man whom any Christian body may be very proud to claim. Of such are the disillusionments of a close range examination of South China today. I learn from eye witnesses that those raw revolutionists who drove the Tartar troops out of Canton were a few days later nothing less than brutish savages, on execution days lining up their victims and trying to see how many shots they could put into them before killing; and only two miles outside the city wall a squad of soldiers cut open a victim and ate his heart and liver. I have talked with three different foreigners who saw this last mentioned barbarism. Out of such material as this Yuan has to build a state.

Indeed the task confronting the leaders of the new republic seem too great for human accomplishment. They have planned out a magnificent scheme of government, railway lines throughout the country, an army and navy, and a fine educational system as well as a national religion. At present all these plans are as nebulous as the clouds which cover the Peak at Hong Kong. The projected railway line from Canton to Hankow and thence to connect with the Trans-Siberian system at Pekin is building at the rate of only a few miles a year and most of the money appropriated for it has long since disappeared in 'squeeze." Some day one will be able to take a train in Paris for Canton but no one dares to venture a guess as to when that will be. There is no army and there is no navy judged the fact that the interior of the country is unsafe and the rivers are guarded by European gun boats. A very comprehensive scheme of education has been approved but there is no money to put it into operation and not a fraction for the teachers available or trained to carry it out. The temples are all but deserted and the ancestral halls are either falling into ruin or rented out for missionary schools or less hallowed purposes. This is in great contrast to Japan where the temples are thronged and public schools are everywhere. One missionary told me that in his opinion the average Chinaman is neither religious or patriotic by nature. If the western world has come to distrust the Japanese and find them a difficult problem to solve what will be its opinion a generation hence when the Chinaman has had that much more contact with the western world and his nation has awakened to self-consciousness? Lacking faith in a Divine Providence one must be greatly troubled for the future of China.

Canton, China.

PEACE.

Heart goodness shows its truth in self-restraint
In acts of peace and kindness. Hand and heart
Are one thing with the good, as thou shouldst be.
Corruption's splendor hath no vital power.
Content in sin shows apathy, not peace.

All things that speak of heaven speak peace.
Peace hath more might than war. High brows are calm.
The host of stars is still. Their silence weighs
More mightily with the mind than though they spake
Thousand-tongued, musically; and truths like suns
Stir not; though systems round them come and go.

—Philip James Bailey.

Move where he will, there is a thought and a Presence which he cannot put aside. He is haunted forever by the Eternal Mind. God looks out upon him from the clear sky and through the thick darkness, is present in the raindrop that trickles down the branches and in the tempest that crashes down the forest. A living Redeemer stands beside him, goes with him, talks with him as a man with his friend.—F. W. Robertson.

All things cover some mystery; all things have veils that cover God. Christians ought to recognize him in everything.—Blaise Pascal.

A Dr. J. K. McLean Memorial at Pomona College.

The interest of Dr. J. K. McLean in Pomona College from its founding in 1888 is well known. He was one of its founders; one of the men who made it a possibility; an advocate of the ideals for which it stands; a trustee for twelve years; his last journey to Southern California was to be in attendance upon the inauguration of Dr. Blaisdell as President of Pomona about four years ago.

The Suggestion for a Memorial.

The project of establishing a suitable memorial to Dr. McLean at Pomona originated with an Oakland woman who believed that the friends of this servant of God would heartily cooperate in seconding her suggestion. Her suggestion was that her gift of $10,000, should be used toward a Memorial Foundation at Pomona College, the income of which should endow a professorship. By advancing the total amount to $100,000, it was later proposed to make the McLean Memorial the endowment of the President's chair.

The Symbol of a Christian College.

In an address delivered at Los Angeles in 1894, in the interest of Pomona College, Dr. McLean drew attention to a line in John 4:6: "Now Jacob's well was there." "The man who uncovered these living springs was gone and had been for 1700 years, but the well was still there. Jacob had long ago ended his eventful career but his work survived. What cups of cold water had been drawn from this well! . . . A well of water exalted into a ministry not merely for man's physical need and the world's material want, but for man's religious nature and the world's spiritual want—such is the Christian college."

Dr. McLean saw in a well, fed by living springs, a symbol of the beneficent ministry and enduring qualities of a college. President Butterfield has said: "Pictures must fade, statues of bronze must wear away. The names men fondly give their houses and lands will not last. Political honors are soon gone. All such memorials lack the immortalizing force. But there is a monument that will not yield. The fires take a hall, or a library, and ready hands soon make the loss good. Neither moth, nor rust, nor thief, nor fire touches college funds proper; and man's forces unite to keep them."

A Place Among the Immortals.

Dr. McLean set a high estimate upon the Christian college. He perceived that its ministry is most beneficent and persists through the centuries. That toward it the generations of young people journey. It is a fountain of refreshment; a transforming center, and beyond it men and women go in the spirit of a rebirth toward the city of their ambition. In choosing a college as the seat of his memorial the friends of Dr. McLean are not only taking into account his estimate of such an institution, but also perpetuating his name and influence in a manner most fitting and enduring. That Pomona College is not immediately in the vicinity where he lived and was familiarly known is of no moment. "He was a pioneer, a builder—one of the architects of the Pacific Coast civilization," writes Prof. Buckham. A century hence Dr. McLean may be best known by his permanent contribution to the institutions which permanently extend to youth the means by which they may rise to a clearer perception of values.

A Compelling Appeal.

The college which asks that a memorial to Dr. J. K. McLean may be set up within its precincts is worthy of such recognition. By its accomplishments it has laid the foundation for one of our most far-reaching opportunities which it is possible for a Christian teacher to perceive. For no thoughtful person can stand by the shore of the Pacific and contemplate the civilization which is organizing here without thinking reverently of the promise of influence which is offered here to an adequate Christian college in its ministry to the west and to the world.

With all good will toward other interests, there are certain considerations which make Pomona College at this moment a uniquely notable opportunity.

The conditions of admission are equalled by only a few colleges in the United States and the attendance has increased in spite of—or because of—this fact. Pomona College is ranked first class by the National Bureau of Education. In all the vast area west of the Rocky Mountains this is the only college which has been honored with a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa. Over 70 per cent of the graduates up to June, 1913, have, after graduation, gone on to advance study. Since 1909 Pomona College has sent more graduates to the University of California than have all other institutions, denominated as colleges and located west of the Rocky Mountains, combined. It makes no canvass for students. Yet, notwithstanding its high standards and limitations of a material kind, the problem of the College has been in its rapid growth in numbers. **To Pomona College with its remarkable history and opportunity comes now the chance of a great onward step toward adequate resources.**

The College has only about $350,000 of free endowment. Its grounds and buildings represent about $750,000 additional. To release the College from the burden of debt and add to the material equipment and salary funds, it is proposed to raise $1,100,000. Of the latter amount $900,000 has been raised. Large sums have been pledged conditionally and the campaign should be finished by January, 1915.

Dr. J. K. McLean Memorial.

It is proposed to secure $100,000 as a fitting memorial to Dr. McLean. This amount would constitute a foundation and scholarship at Pomona College.

It is earnestly desired that the Memorial may represent many givers in such amounts as can be offered.

As Dr. McLean ministered to many beyond the membership of his own church and parish and was the friend of all men and every good cause, the Memorial should enlist the support of all persons who cherish his memory.

Pledges will be sent on request or may be formulated by donors.

Payments may be extended over a period of four years. The first payments may be made on or before April 1 1915.

Gifts may be made on the annuity plan, which insures the donor annual returns during life. Such a plan unites safe investment with the satisfaction of witnessing the results of one's own benefaction. All pledges should be made payable to "Pomona College," at its office in Claremont, Calif.

Mr. William O. Wark, acting general secretary of Pomona College, may be addressed for the present at the Y. M. C. A., Oakland.

EXCHANGING THE BRITISH FLAG FOR THE GERMAN FLAG.

Tyler Dennett.

On Board the S. S. Walmer Castle,
En route Cape Town to England.

War stories will doubtless be so numerous as to have become a bore long before this reaches the readers of "The Pacific," so I will confine to the briefest possible space how I came to exchange the British flag for the German flag and find it expedient to travel some ten or twelve thousand miles out of my intended course on the way from Columbo to England. We left Aden on the 29th of July by the North German Lloyd S. S. Zieten, an Australian boat on its way home from the South seas. In addition to the passengers there were one hundred and fifty sailors and marines from German cruisers on their way home at the expiration of their term of service, accompanied by four officers. At five o'clock on the morning of the 5th of August when we were about eighteen hours from Aden our captain suddenly turned back toward the east and no explanation was forthcoming. At noon some of the marines were detailed to help the stokers and the Zieten began to show a burst of speed, the like of which we had never dreamed. The small boats were unshipped and the sailors from the navy ordered to stow away their gear in them. That night all lights were put out in the cabins and the ship declared under martial law, armed sentries pacing the decks.

The next afternoon we met a German cruiser, the Koenigsberg, just off the coast of Somaliland. She ordered us to a rendezvous on the coast of Arabia south of Makulla which we reached the next afternoon. A few hours later the Koenigsberg appeared again, this time with a British merchant ship which she had captured. By that time we were in no doubt of the seriousness of the situation. Our steamer was nearly without coal and the bill of fare was being very much abbreviated. In a few hours we pulled up anchor, with the City of Winchester, the British vessel, behind us in charge of the German officers taken from the Zieten, and sailed out to the northward. Two days later we sighted the coast again and soon dropped anchor under the shelter of the Kuria Muries. There the Winchester was brought alongside and looted; everything in her that could be moved, including the much needed coal and water, was transferred to the Zieten. All the German passengers turned out to help transfer the coal. It was intimated that my services would be welcomed, but I concluded not to endanger my neutrality. They worked frantically all day and half the night. The next morning we were at sea again sailing south to a destination of which the passengers were kept in ignorance. We left the Winchester at anchor, took her officers with us and put on her a crew of German marines and officers. I have since heard that the Winchester has been sunk. What has become of the men I cannot learn. One of the officers told me just before leaving that he had hardly expected that the Koenigsberg could last more than three weeks. He had been on his way home to be married and now seemed to feel that he was really going to his death. he was really going to his death.

Then followed two awful weeks, food becoming worse and worse, fresh water cut off except for drinking purposes, no lights at night, armed sentries pacing the deck with guns loaded, stewards getting drunk and insolent, all English speaking passengers under constant surveillance and no one to tell us where we were being taken. By observing the sun and the stars and making various marks on the deck I was able to discover each day somewhere nearly the position of the ship. One might laugh at some of the absurdities of the situation for a few days, but in the end it found every one's nerves. The coal gave out and it was whispered about that we were burning cargo. We certainly did not make more than eight knots an hour. At length, on the morning of the 20th of August we came in sight of the shore again, and with the British Flag flying, signalled for a pilot. Three hours later we dropped anchor in the harbor at Mozambique, Portuguese East Africa, a neutral port, replaced the British flag with the German, and waited for the health and customs officers.

Although we were in a supposedly neutral port and the sight of any kind of land was welcome, our troubles were by no means at an end. The Portuguese officials immediately sealed up the wireless office, took away the guns from the naval detachment which had maintained the martial law, and the governor of the island refused to allow the passengers to land owing to the scarcity of food on shore. We were permitted, however, to go ashore from day to day. There was no American consul at Mozambique but the British Vice-Consul proved very much of a gentleman and a good friend Through his offices I was permitted to cable to my family and from him we learned our first real news as to the causes and development of the war. Later it appeared that while Mozambique is nominally a neutral port the island is really under the control of the British Vice-Consul. He is the manager of the cable office and only such messages as he approves are sent out. When the war broke out he bought all the coal so that the Zieten was unable to replenish her bunkers. The Germans were not permitted to send any cable messages. Their letters of credit were of no account, being on German banks, the captain was unable to get any instructions as to what to do, nor was he able to get money to feed his passengers, of which there were over four hundred. Drinking water was not to be purchased at any price as it was at the end of the dry season and the cisterns were nearly empty. There are no wells in Mozambique, I was able to get taken off by a British steamer ten days later in company with the crew of the Winchester who ceased to be prisoners of war as soon as they arrived in a neutral port. I have not heard what has become of the passengers who remained on the Zieten. It is reported that the British and American citizens are being taken at the expense of their respective governments to Maderia but of this I am not sure. The situation was grave when I left the Zieten, the steerage passengers being on very meagre rations both of food and water.

At any rate the war has given me the opportunity to visit several mission stations which were not a part of my original itinerary and also to see a little of South African Congregationalism. Of some of the more intresting aspects of the Christian Church in South Africa I will write at a later date.

We know too much. It is our irreverent familiarity with things that blinds us so that we cannot see that we walk in the midst of miracles and draw in mysteries with every breath and trample beneath our feet the sublimest principles of philosophy.—James Hinton.

NEW BOOKS.

Church Efficiency, by D. C. Tremaine. This little book on Church Efficiency has been called "A Pastor's Multum in Parvo." The author believes that "in the growing details of church work the pastor must become more and more a business manager." Accordingly there are suggestions as to the pastor's special work and as to the varied organizations and activities of the church to all of which he stands related and the efficiency of which is dependent to large extent upon what he is and what he does. While we cannot say that pastors will find anything new in the book, we can say that it is of value to read such a book occasionally in order to see whether one is actually up-to-date, and, if need be, perhaps to be lifted up out of the ruts. (F. H. Revell Company, New York, fifty cents net.)

The Stars Not Inhabited. By L. T. Townsend. This is a scholarly study of the question of a plurality of inhabited worlds. The author's conclusion is that the trend of discovery points to the solitariness of mankind in the universe. "Possibly not fewer than nineteen-twentieths of the beautiful bodies that are seen in the heavens are now transferred, with scarcely a dissenting voice, from the positive to the negative side of this question; and obviously the argument from analogy would place the remaining one twentieth with the nineteen twentieths, leaving the earth the solitary abode of physically organized living beings." Whether the reader reaches this conclusion or not he will get a great deal of interesting astronomical and scientific information, attractively presented. **(Easton & Mains, New York; $100 net.)**

Heroines of History. By Frank M. Bristol. Dr. Bristol, long time a leader in the pulpit, is now a Methodist Bishop. His book is well worth reading. It is an able study of the characters of women heroic in mythology, in Shakespeare, and in the Bible. He considers heroine-mothers, heroine-daughters, and heroine-wives. Dr. Bristol says in presenting these typical heroines: "It will not be insisted upon that we accept the heroine on her heroism alone as the ideal woman. No woman can be ideal without it, but other virtues must unite with heroism to constitute the perfect woman We are not claiming that the merely heroic mother, or that the merely heroic daughter or wife, measures up to the full standard of the perfect mother and daughter, or the ideal wife. But without this heroic element the character of the woman, whatever her relation may be, can never reach perfection In the ideal mother, daughter, wife, woman there must blend the sevenfold virtues of heroism, purity, love, faith, intelligence, modesty, and devotion, as blend the seven primary colors of the prism in the pure white light." **(The Methodist Book Concern: $1.00 net.)**

THANKFUL UNTO THEE.

For hope and love and sympathy,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!
For conscience and its voice of awe,
Thy whisper when we break Thy law,
For knowledge of Thy power divine,
And wisdom mighty as benign;
For all we are and hope to be,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

—Charles Mackay.

Among the Churches.

Berkeley, North.—Two persons were received into membership last Sunday.

Berkeley, First.—Nine persons entered into membership last Sunday, four on confession.

San Francisco, Bethany.—Ten persons united with the church last Sunday on confession, coming largely from the Sunday School.

Petaluma.—Five persons were welcomed to membership last Sunday on confession. At the annual meeting it was voted that the minimum for benevolences be six hundred dollars.

San Francisco, First.—Fifteen persons entered into membership last Sunday, five on confesion. The Scottish Rite Auditorium was crowded last Sunday evening.

Alameda, First.—Seven persons were welcomed into fellowship last Sunday, five of them men. One man had been in business in the Philippines for fifteen years. Mr. Mears spoke at the Girls' Training Home Sunday afternoon, an institution in which this church has great interest, contributing largely to its support.

San Francisco, Richmond.—The Rev. F. L. Cooper, recently at Cresskill, New Jersey, and who has been supplying the pulpit for a few Sundays, was called to the pastorate last Sunday and will enter on the work at once. Mrs. Cooper will reach San Francisco soon. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper are friends of the Rev. Robert Walker and family, and come highly recommended.

Oakland, Plymouth.—Mr. Dwight J. Bradley began his service as assistant pastor last Sunday. This is a promotion both in responsibility and salary from his previous position as student assistant. Mr. Bradley's ordination will take place in one of the early months of 1915, when it is hoped his father, the Rev. Dan F. Bradley of Cleveland, can be present and give the sermon.

Campbell.—The pastor, Geo. E. Atkinson, has just returned from a series of special services in Norris, Siskiyou County. We have had no services there at all except the Sunday School kept up by Mr. Wilkins a rancher, and too much can not be said of his faithful work all these years; his influence in all the community is splendid. The Dorris friends sent a letter of appreciation to the Campbell Church for the loan of their pastor. Campbell has just purchased a large number of "The Pilgrim Hymnal," as a memorial to our loved friend and member, Mrs. Adah Sadler Nelson. Special copies for the choir and a new hymn board were given the church. The pastor has recently been called on to speak before the High School and some of the country Schools.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Secretary Wikoff of the Church Building Society went this week to Montana in the interests of the Society.

President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary attended

ıe Oregon Congregational Conference at Forest Grove, ıst week.

The Rev. K. Kadaira has been called from the pastorate f the Japanese church in Oakland to the pastorate of the nion Japanese church in San Francisco.

Dr. Aked's subject next Monday at the meeting of the ongregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will e "Golden Gleams Through Nights of Fear." A general ıvitation is extended.

The Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, whose home is now at Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, had a busy summer on the Chautauqua ourse. During one period of sixty days he gave ninety ectures. Mr. Wirt had a full winter season with the uniersities, 150 engagements in all. He began with the Uniersity of Wisconsin in October. Mr. Wirt finds the Uniersity Extension Movement a great factor in the higher ife of the people of the East.

The Rev. Henry B Mowbray has entered on the pastorate at San Bernardino. At a recent council in Cleveland, Ohio, epresenting generally the Cleveland churches, the followng was formulated: "In bidding farewell in the name of our ssociated churches to Rev. Henry B. Mowbray, as he closes ıis six years of pastoral relation to Pilgrim Church, we lesire to express our deep sense of his faithful service in he larger work of the State as chairman of the State Comnittee of our Churches on Sunday School Work; as effective n the local interdenominational Sunday School work of the ity; as Superintendent of Pilgrim Sunday School, which nder his leadership has come to be the largest Sunday School in Cleveland; as leader in the work in Pilgrim Institute, never more effective than now; as successful Scout Master in his work among boys; as unusually effective in his eadership of men; as especially helpful to the disadvantaged and unfortunate; and acceptable in his ministry as preacher, and beloved as a pastor. We love him personally as a brother, especially for his cheerful willingness in all he common service. We rejoice in his faithful and effectve work, and commend him to the church to which he goes, as well as to the larger family of the churches of the Western Coast."

Just before Mr. and Mrs. Mowbray left Cleveland the people of Pilgrim Church came out in large numbers to a farewell." At which time a purse containing $245 was anded Mr. Mowbray, and the following was adopted: "Pilgrim Church desires to place on record its sense of gratiude to God that there was sent to us, under his good providence more than five years ago, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Mowbray, and that they have been permitted to remain with us unto this day. For out of this good fortune we have enjoyed the happy ministry of a man of wonderful good cheer, of remarkable industry, and extraordinary capacity for friendship. In this time our Institute, of which he was the dean and active manager, has greatly extended its usefulness and service, the Sunday School of which he was superintendent has been thoroughly organized, graded, and greatly increased in membership and spirit, and the church of which he was an honored pastor has been able to penetrate more deeply into the homes and hearts of this community. And as our good friends leave us for their Western home, they will leave in the hearts and lives or hundreds of children growing into manhood and womanhood nobler ideals, truer conceptions of life, and sincere Christian devotion, and in many homes the memory of prayer and comfort in the time of need. For all this we are profoundly grateful, and we invoke upon them as they go the divine blessing to make their home increasingly happy, and their usefulness more widely extended in the new field of labor to which the divine voice has led them." Mr. Mowbray comes back home, having worked in Oakland several years. His return will be welcomed all over our State.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY FEDERATION OF THE YAKIMA ASSOCIATION.

The State of Washington is new enough to still have some "first" experiences. Such was the meeting of the Woman's Missionary Federation of the Yakima Association held in North Yakima, October 14th

In joint session with this Federation was held the annual meeting of the Washington Woman's Missionary Board, thus making the occasion a truly notable one. The helpfulness of this first semi-annual meeting strengthens the expectation that this organization shall measurably attain the high aim to which it is pledged by its constitution: " * The object of this Federation shall be to unite the women of the several churches for mutual helpfulness in all the activities of their local societies; to establish a sense of comradeship and solidarity between them; to strengthen each one with the inspiration of united effort in a common cause; and to stimulate enthusiasm and zeal in each by frequent interchange of methods and material found efficient in the work of evangelization."

The President, Mrs. M. R. Stewart, in her opening message, made a plea for enthusiasm in missionary work and this keynote resounded throughout the sessions.

After brief outlines of hopes and plans by Federation officers and department heads, Miss H. A. McLafferty, President of the W. H. M. U., delivered a most inspiring address on "My Part in the Campaign." The suggestiveness of this message called forth a very profitable discussion of many of the delagates, and prepared the assembly in spirit for the period of prayer which followed and which was the mountain-top experience of the day.

Consideration of the Federation's practical work through its various departments was taken up in simultaneous conferences, which profitably opened the afternoon program.

This was followed by the formal annual business meeting of the Woman's Missionary Board, Miss McLafferty presiding. Miss E. B. Moir, Secretary of the Union, read the reports from th churches, and officers were elected for the ensuing year.

Mrs. H. P. Brode of Walla Walla felicitously conveyed to the Federation the salutations of the societies in her Association.

Mrs. Arthur Talcott, Secretary of the Branch, skillfully presented a bird's-eye view of the foreign fields in which Congregationalists are interested especially.

Mrs. W. C. Wheeler, honorary President of the Union, out of her rich experience in mission work and deep and tender sympathy with the objects and methods which this Federation represents, voiced a message of rare vision and helpfulness.

Mrs. H. M. Gilbert, one of the Federation's own members, deepened and made definite the missionary impressions of the day by vivid descriptions of mission fields and

stations which she had personally studied in a recent world tour.

The Associational Vice-President, Mrs. J. F. Kinsey, directed the fine hospitality of the entertaining church, and by her efficient general oversight contributed largely to the success of the occasion.

The Federation's next meeting will be held at Kennewick in connection with the annual meeting of the Yakima Association.

The Home.

DOES WOMAN USE HER MONEY WISELY?

Man may heap up riches, but it is a woman who spends them. In our American civilization, not only the rich woman, but the poor one, is the spender of the family income, in the large majority of cases. The thrifty workingman turns over his pay envelope to his wife, keeping out only his own personal spending money. It is the workingman's wife who goes to market, who handles the building loan or the savings bank book, who portions out the family expenditure. The wife of the millionaire, likewise, has her bank book, her accounts with the stores, her financial pace to set in society, in philanthropy, and so on. The care with which banks now furnish luxurious waiting rooms for their women depositors, and in which the stores provide special concerts and entertainments for their women patrons, shows the recognition of this money power in women.

Woman as a spender is a present power in American community life. How does she measure up to her responsibility? To begin with, she seldom realizes it or faces it. She sees no larger relation in her spending than a family or individual one. Men combine in a thousand ways to make money. Women combine not at all to spend it. In two ways, the mistakes of individual women are seen glaringly in every American city, and are chronicled by every observer of our national tendencies.

In the first place, the women of countless families push the men on to ceaseless business activity in order to make more and more money for their feminine spending. The materialism of American men cannot fairly be charged to man's account alone. A man may leave college with high ideals, and plenty of them. But twenty years after his entrance on business life his wife, by her demands for a continually growing income, will in many cases have left him no other alternative than to become a machine for making money. She may mean no harm by it. She may spend for what she thinks pleases him—for pretty clothes, pleasant entertaining, delicious food, easy and luxurious household appointments. But she has spent ignobly, after all, since she has left no room for noble character to grow. By the irony of fate, she may even pity herself, in middle life, for being tied to a fat, stolid, conscienceless clod of a man, and may take to Swamis, New Thought, and such—but whose fault is it? Certainly, it cannot all be fairly blamed on the man, who has felt the continual spur of her demands, driving him on year after year into the thick of the market place. Those foreigners who say that American women are more cultivated, more intellectual than their husbands and fathers and move on a higher plane, are perhaps not so conversant with our country's intimate life as to recognize further that the husbands often toil on their plane that the wives and daughters may diffuse light and leading on theirs.

Often Fails To Get Full Value For Money.

The second mistake that women spenders make is in their ignorance of how to distribute their money. Woman is painfully uneducated in this respect. She is not a skillful distributor. She wastes in spending, does not get value for her money, does not place it where she should. As the consumer, she has great powers over the producer, which she usually ignores. Such organizations as the Housewives' League and the Consumers' League have only lately opened the eyes of women to their possible control of the preparation of the food they buy and the garments they wear. Each woman by herself will lament over the price and lack of freshness of eggs; the prevalence of cold storage meats; the dangers of canned foods, etc., and never grasp the fact that it is all in her own hands to change these conditions, not by law, but by purchasing power. What men have done by the union label, women could do in far greater measure. The buyer who combines with others to require certain conditions from sellers will always get them. Fresh eggs, stamped with date of laying, meat protected from flies under glass, fish kept on ice, fresh vegetables shielded from dust, pure and unwatered milk—all these a league of women in any town can demand and get. The impulse goes back from the market to the farmer, the grower, the dairyman, and lays a compelling hand upon them all.

The story is told of a school board—with a woman on it—which was asked to introduce a class on salesmanship into the high school, under the guise of vocational teaching. The merchants of the city were eager for the idea. "But why should our schools teach boys and girls to sell more and more things to our people?" asked the woman member. "What the town needs is better educated buyers, who will resist bargains and special sales, buying only necessary things." Every one saw the point, and the course was not put into the school. But how many women have as clear a vision of economic responsibility as that?

The woman who works for wages, one would think, should have a truer view of money matters than others of her sex. On the spending of money, perhaps she does; but on the fundamental point of marketing her services, she often confuses the economic situation terribly. The "pin-money worker," so-called because she works not for actual support, but partly or altogether for spending money, is the worst enemy of the girl who must earn her own bread. Pin-money workers, living at home, partly supported by the family income, will crowd in and take almost any wage for unskilled work. These thoughtless women disorganize every industry in which women are employed. Women should stand solidly together, as men do, for a living wage for all, with no exceptions. In some cases they might not get it. In most cases they would, for women in industry have become indispensable in many lines. It is the careless, disorganizing pin-money worker who has driven down men's wages until they cannot marry, and has thus complicated every social problem in cities large and small.

A few years ago, a periodical for women held a symposium, first on the budget of self-supporting women, and then on household budgets. The letters went through my hands, hundreds of them, from all parts of the country, from women spending anywhere from $300 to $5,000 a year. The most interesting thing about these budgets was their difference. The woman who understood how to apportion her money, be it a large or a small sum, stood out against a background of confused statements of unsystematic expenditure. There were girls who lived on $30

nd, incredible as it may seem, saved on it, and gave, out f their poverty, to church and charity. There were girls ith $800 who could not make both ends meet in the city, nd had to go back to their country homes, tired of the ffort. There were household budgets of $1,200 that held ore solid comfort and family development than budgets f $4,000 could provide for others. The point standing out as that a woman's character and ability showed out strikngly in her attitude to the money she had to spend, and hat the money was clearly the secondary thing in her sucess or failure. Every woman needs to take money morally and spiritually as a means to these greater ends of life—nd money slackness, money confusion, is a crushing verict against a woman's ability to live life rightly nowadays.

True Economy Is Getting Value For Every Cent.

Extravagance came out in these budgets, and also the conomy of proportion, in arranging the relation of items nd their size. There is an extravagant economy, that arps on bargains and goes without necessities, and ends y weakening life, and bringing true economy into ridicule. conomy need not save a cent—but it must place every cent ightly, and get its full value. One woman, who had set own that she considered buying a home, and then decided o feed her children well, educate them, and give them good nedical and dental attention, instead, was wiser than some thers who starved their tables in order to buy a home or an underfed household. It is a truth, although a paralox, that sometimes an expensive thing, that must be ought now or never, is the best economy. One example omes to mind of a widowed mother, in limited circumtances, whose home burned down, sweeping away all she ad. When the insurance came in—a good round sum—he hesitated between investing it and giving her two laughters a college and business education, which would ake every cent. She boldly chose the latter way, though ll her relatives held up their hands in horror. She sent he girls to college, took a position as housekeeper in a oys' school herself, and, after half a dozen years of separaion, was rewarded by having both the graduates in promsing positions in a large city, where they all kept house in comfortable apartment. Her economic foresight was nore than proved.

Women as investors of money, so bankers say, have two defects. They want to buy at the lowest point of the market and sell at the highest, and they are prone to buy worthless stock, paying high interest. These two tendencies are evidently the mark of inexperience. When a capable woman once learns the rules of investment, she is one of the shrewdest of holders. The pity is that she will so seldom study and learn for herself, and that she usually trusts it all to some man of business, who may be mistaken, neglectful, or even dishonest. In every town who does not know some lawyer or banker to whom countless widows and spinsters look for advice as to their investments, small and large? Luckily for them, he is often safe, cautions and honest. But when he turns out to be otherwise, is he entirely responsible for the women's losses? Is it not, after all, their responsibility as well as his?

Responsibility for her money, its uses, its investment, its community relations, is what every woman should feel and follow out. When a woman has small means, and does not get value out of them, there is a loss and limitation that anyone can appreciate. But also when a woman of large wealth does not rightly use or develop the powers of wealth, there is even more loss and limitation. American standards suffer visibly today from the unethical standards of idle, vain, restless rich women that ought to set higher ethical standards for wealth; for they hold the keys of power in their hands.

Rich women are proverbially to be found today on charitable boards. and so are energetic women of smaller means, and women who earn their bread by social work. But these active, warm-hearted women do not sometimes glimpse the fact that the aim of charity should be to do away with itself as much as possible. There are wealthy women who give large sums to a working girls' home, yet neglect to pay their bills promptly each month to milliners, dressmakers and storekeepers with whom they have dealings, so that these creditors cannot pay their girls promptly, either; and they also deal at places where girls have exhausting hours, no vacations in summer and wretched sanitary conditions. Women will give generously toward rescuing them from vice who, at the same time, never consider the loneliness of their servant girls, and temptations, and their need of a pleasant room to receive friends in the evenings if they are to have decent and happy friendships such as all girls need.

Where there is money, there are responsibilities, many and varied. Only by taking thought of them all can woman, the spender of the nation's wealth, be worthy of her wide power.—Priscilla Leonard in The Continent.

For The Children.

A HAPPY GIRL.

Helen's smile is bright as sunshine,
  Helen's eyes are happy-clear,
Common little cares and worries
  Never seem to touch my dear;
Helen's walk is blithe as dancing
  And her voice with gladness rings,
Yet she is no pet of fortune—
  She is pleased with little things.

Helen's sympathy is welcome
  As fair weather atfer rain,
Griefs and troubles that are told her
  Never seem as bad again;
Grown folks love to have her with them,
  Every child adores and clings,
Happiness springs up around her—
  She is pleased with little things.

Wondrous raptures come but seldom,
  Ecstasy is brought with tears,
Rainbow dreams that youth goes seeking
  Seem to vanish with the years;
Fame is often disappointing,
  Riches, we are told, have wings,
So life's greatest gift I count it;
  To be pleased with little things.

—Woman's Home Companion.

I am trying to show you, not that the Church is not sacred, but that the whole earth is.—John Ruskin.

JUST SUPPOSE.

If all the lads and lasses should remember for a day
To do their errands and their tasks as surely as they play;
Should hang their hats and jackets up, and put away their toys;
Should remember that the garden is the place to make a noise—
Why, what a very pleasant world for mothers this would be!
How very many happy mother faces we should see!
For children don't remember, as everybody knows;
But if the children should—why—just suppose!

If all the children's mothers turned forgetful in a day,
If instead of taking care of toys, they threw them all away,
Forgot to bake the cookies, and forgot the tales to tell,
Forgot to kiss the aching bumps, and make the bruises well—
Why, what a very dreary world for children this would be!
How very many melancholy little folks we'd see!
For mothers all remember, as everybody knows;
But, if mothers shouldn't—why—just—suppose!

—Recorder.

THE SINGER.

He walks along the common shore
His sober brethren travel o'er
They only strive to grasp and greet
Whate'er the waves wash to their feet.

He hears a strange, sweet melody
From unseen isles far in the sea;
And tries to sing with tuneful tongue
The songs that unto him are sung.

—Julia A. Du Bois.

The Earth is a beehive; we all enter by the same door, but live in different cells."—Bantu (African) proverb.

SEVEN SHEEP.

Seven sheep were standing
By the pasture wall.
"Tell me," said the teacher,
"One poor sheep was frightened,
Jumped, and ran away.
One from seven—how many
Woolly sheep would stay?"
Up went Kitty's fingers—
A farmer's daughter she,
Not so bright at figures
As she ought to be.
"Please ma'am." "Well, then, Kitty,
Tell us, if you know."
"Please, if one jumped over,
All the rest would go."

—Children's Magazine.

AFTER THE MOUNT.

Not on the heights shall man remain,
The cloud withdraws, the vision fades,
We spur the flagging sense—in vain!
The glory still our search evades
And leaves us helpless in our pain.

To earthly tasks He leads us back
Until the weary day goes by;
We lift the load, we bear the lack
Of love or bread, we vainly sigh
For vision from life's foggy track.

And yet the glory oft returns;
And every patient hour shall lead
To strength of heart that more discerns,
To deeper wisdom that shall read
New meanings when the vision burns.

—Isaac Ogden Rankin.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.—Irving.

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FAIRIES' GOLD.

A mother led her little girl
Into a poppy-field.
The beauty set her head awhirl,
In bliss she fairly reeled.
She clapped her hands delightedly;
Joy wrapped her in its fold.
"How beautiful," she cried. "Oh, see!
It is the fairies gold."

—Charles H. Meiers.

Pompey. I lie awake, thinking.
What are we, Lucceius?
Lucceius. Who knows? Dust with a tragic purpose. Then an end.
Pompey. No. But what moves us?

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